THE
TEMPLE
OF
LOVE.

A Masque.

Presented by the QUEEN'S Ma-
jesty, and her Ladies, at White-hall
Shrove-Tuesday, 1634.

By Inigo Jones, Surveyour of his Majesties
Works; and William Davenant, her Ma-
jesties Servant.

LONDON:

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Shop near White-Hall. 1635.

The Argument.

Divine Poesie (the Secretary of Nature) is sent by Fate to Indamora, governesse of Narsinga, to signifie the time prefix'd was come, when by the influence of her beauty (attended with those lesser lights, her contributary Ladies) the Temple of true Love should be re-established in this Land; which Temple being long sought for by certaine Magicians (enemies to true Love) intending to ruine it to their intemperate ends, were by Divine Poesie hidden in mists and clouds; so as the Magicians being frustrate of their hopes, sought by inchantments to hinder all others from finding it; and by this imposture many Noble Knights and Ladies had been rempted and mist. The fame of this Temple of Love being now fully spread over all the Eastern world, enflamed a company of noble Persian youths, borderers on India to travell in quest of it; who arriving, were by the illusions of the Magicians, and their spirits of severall Regions, almost seduced, as others had beene: But Divine Poesie appearing, discover'd unto them some part of the Temple unshadow'd, and prophecied

of the time when Indamora *and her traine should arrive to effect this miracle; which though it seemes somewhat hard Doctrine to most young men, yet these being spirits of the highest ranke, forsaking the false Magicians and their allurements, were resolved to entertaine themselves to contemplate on this Apparition untill the comming of the glorious Indian Queen. At whose sight they being inflam'd with chast flames might be permitted by their faithfull observance and legitimate affections to enter and enjoy the privileges of that sacred Temple. Then* Divine Poesie *sends* Orpheus *her chiefe Priest in a Barque (assisted by the Brachmani and Priests of the Temple, who meet him on the shores) to calme the Seas with his Harpe, that a maritime Chariot prepared by the Indian Seagods, might safer, and more swiftly convay them to atchieve this Noble Adventure; after whose landing having paid their Ceremonies by moving in harmonicall and numerous figures,* Sunesis *and* Thelema *(which intimate the understanding and the will) joyning together, the true Temple appeares, and Chast Love descends to invoke the last and living Heroe (*Indamora's *royall Lover) that hee may helpe and witnesse the Consecration of it.*

THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

AT the lower end of the Banquetting-house, opposite to the State, was a Stage of six foot high, and on that was raised an Ornament of a new Invention agreeable to the Subject, consisting of Indian Trophees: on the one side upon a basement sate a naked Indian on a whitish Elephant, his legges shortning towards the necke of the beast, his tire and bases of severall coloured feathers, representing the Indian Monarchy: On the other side an Asiatique in the habit of an Indian borderer, riding on a Camell; his Turbant and Coat differing from that of the Turkes, figured for the Asian Monarchy: over these hung sheild like Compartiments. In that over the Indian was painted a Sunne rising, and in the other an halfe Moone; these had for finishing the Capitall of a great pillaster, which served as a ground to sticke them of, and bore up a large freeze or border with a Coronice. In this over the Indian lay the figure of an old man, with a long white haire and beard, representing the flood *Tigris*; on his head a wreath of Canes and Seage, and leaning upon a great Vrne, out of which runne water, by him in an extravagant posture stood a Tyger.

At the other end of this freeze lay another naked man, representing *Meander*, the famous River of Asia, who likewise had a great silver urne, and by him lay an Vnicorne.

In the midst of this border was fixed a rich Compartiment,

ment, behind which was a crimson Drapery part of it borne up by naked Children tack'd up in severall pleats, and the rest was at each end of the Freeze tyed with a great knot, and from thence hung downe in foulds to the bottome of the pedestalls: In the midst of this Compartiment in an Ovall was written *TEMPLVM AMORIS:* all these figures were in their naturall colours bigger than the life, and the Compartiments of Gold.

A Curtaine flying up the first Scene was discover'd, in which appeared a spacious grove of shady trees; and a farre off on a mount with a winding way to the top was seated a pleasant bower environed with young trees, and in the lower part walkes planted with Cypresse, representing the place where the Soules of the Ancient Poets are fained to reside: the delight of this prospect was quickly diverted to the sight of a more strange apparision; for, out of the heaven by little and little broke foorth a great Cloud of a Rose Colour, which being come downe some little way beganne to open, and in it was seene sitting a beautifull woman; her garment was Sky-colour set all with Starres of gold, her head was crowned with Laurell, with a spangled vaile hanging downe behind, and her haire in artificiall curles graciously dress'd, representing *Divine Poesie*, and by her a milke white Swanne, as she descends singing out of those venerable shades came forth a company of ancient Greeke Poets, as *Dempdicus, Fœmius, Homer, Hesiod, Terpander*, and *Sapho* a Poetesse in habits varied and of severall colours, with laurell wreaths on their heads. *Divine Poesie* sung this:

Divine Poesie.

(1.)

AS cheerefull as the Mornings light,
Comes Indamora from above,
To guide those Lovers that want sight,
To see and know what they should love.

(2.)

Her beames into each breast will steale,
And search what ev'ry Heart doth containe,
The sadly wounded shee will heale,
And make the foule taynted cleane.

(3.)

Rise you, from your darke shades below,
Those first gaie words on her wayte,
Vnder false Lures in Numbers flow,
To Vice became a mysterie.

(4.)

And when I've purifi'd that Ayre
To which Death turn'd you long agoe,
Helpe with your voyces to declare
What Indamora comes to showe.

The Poets.

Soule of our Science! how inspir'd we come?
By thee restor'd to voyces that lay dumbe,
And lost in many a forgotten Tombe.

D. Poesie.

Y'are spirits all; and have so long
From flesh, and frailty absent bin,
That sure though Love should fill your song,
It could not relish now of sinne.

The Poets.

Vex not our sad remembrance with our shame!
We have bin punish'd for ill-gotten fame,
For each loose verse, tormented with a flame.

D. Poesie.

Descend then, and become with me,
The happy Organs to make knowne
In an harmonious Embassie,
Our great affaire to yonder Throne.

Shee being descended to the ground in a Majesticke pace, goes up to the State, attended by the fore-named Poets; and the Cloud that brought her downe, closeth as it ascends.

D. Poesie.

Thou Monarch of mens hearts rejoyce!
So much thou art belov'd in heaven,
That Fate hath made thy reigne her choyce,
In which Love's blessings shall be given.

The Poets.

Truth shall appeare, and rule 'till she resists
Those subtle charmes, and melts those darker mists,
In which Love's Temple's hid from Exercists.

D. Poesie.

D: Poesie.

These Magi that with pleasant Arts
To their false Temple led of yore
The noblest youth, with'ring their Hearts
With lustfull thoughts, shall be no more.

The Poets.

For Indamora with her beauties light,
The tryer Temple shall restore to sighe;
The false shall be obscur'd in endlesse Night.

The Song after they have retir'd (playing on their Instruments) by the Chorus of Poets.

(1.)

Take leave now of thy heart,
The beauty thou shalt straighe survey
Will tempt it to depart
Thy royall breast, and melt away.
Yet when she finds thy breast is empty growne,
In just remorse she'll fill it with her owne,
So neither heart can mourne, or stray.

(2.)

Backe to our shades we goe,
But see how heavily we move!
Alas! their feet are slow,
That leave the Object which they love.
Our dwelling is beneath, but those whose Buyes
Is chastely earn'd in thy corrected dayes,
Shall after death reside above.

After this, *Divine Poesie*, and the Poets retire, and goe forth; then the whole Sceane changeth into mist and Clouds, through which some glimpse of a Temple is here and there scarcely discern'd.

The entry of the Magicians.

Out of hollow Caves from underground come forth three Magicians, one more eminent than the rest, their habits of strange fashions, denoting their qualities, and their persons deformed.

(1.) Tell me, thou wise Protector of our Art,
Why dost thou walke with such a hideous brow?
Darkenesse, and Clouds doe hover o're thine eyes;
Thou look'st as thou hadst suck'd the vapor of
A poys'nous Fenne, till it has made thee drunke,
There's venom'd foame about thy lips.
(2.) Is thy belov'd
Old witch, dead and entomb'd? or hast thou heard
Ill newes from hell? Does the grand fiend
Chaine up thy spirits from thy use? Speake, Art
Thou not within thy Circle still a Soveraigne Prince?
When thou dost lift with magicke power thy white
Inchanted Scepter thus, doe not the thinne
Unbodied people bow and obey?
(3.) O the Temple of Love! the mists that hid,
And so reserv'd it from our sinfull use,
(Whilst we seduc'd the more voluptuous race
Of men, to give false worship in our owne) must be
Dispell'd! this is the sad ill newes; and it
Is come from heaven! A sidling Deity

(Whom forſooth *Divine Poeſie* they ſtile)
This morne proclaim'd it from a falling Cloud.
(2.) Who? *Divine Poeſie?*
(3.) I know her well.
Shee's one that makes the holy Jigges,
And ſacred Catches for the gods, when they
Are merry with miſ-takes of men, and laugh
To ſee us careleſſe of their puniſhment.
(1.) But who ſhall bring this miſchiefe to our Art?
(3.) *Indamora*, the delight of Deſtiny!
Shee, and the beauties of her Traine: who ſure
Though they diſcover Summer in their lookes,
Still carry frozen Winter in their blood.
They raiſe ſtrange doctrines, and new ſects of Love:
Which muſt not wooe or court the Perſon, but
The Mind; and practiſe generation not
Of Bodies but of Soules.
(2.) Beleeve me, my Magicall friends,
They muſt bring bodies with 'em that worſhip
In our pleaſant Temple: I have an odde
Fantaſticke faith perſwades me there will be
Little paſtime upon earth without Bodies.
Your Spirit's a cold Companion at midnight.
(1.) Have we ſo long miſſe-led and entertain'd
The youthfull of the world, (I meane their bodies)
And now doe they betake themſelves unto
The dull imaginary pleaſures of
Their ſoules? This humor cannot laſt.
(2.) If it ſhould, we may rid our Temple
Of all our Perſian Quilts, imbroyder'd Couches,
And our ſtanding Beds; theſe (I take it) are
Bodily implements; our ſoules need 'em not.

But where ſhall this new Sect be planted firſt ?
(3.) In a dull Northerne Ile, they call Britaine.
(2.) Indeed 'tis a cold Northerly opinion;
And I'le lay my life begot ſince their late
Great Froſts. It will be long enough e're it
Shall ſpread, and proſper in the South ! Or if
The Spaniard or Italian ever be
Perſwaded out of the uſe of their bodies,
I'le give mine to a Raven for his Supper.
(3.) The Miracle is more increas'd, in that
It firſt takes birth and nouriſhment in Court.
(2.) But my good damn'd friend tell me? Is there not
One Courtier will reſent the cauſe, and give
Some countenance to the affaires of the body ?
(3) Certain yong Lords at firſt diſliked the Phyloſophy
As moſt uncomfortable, ſad, and new ;
But ſoone inclin'd to a ſuperior vote,
And are growne as good Platonicall Lovers
As are to be found in an Hermitage, where he
That was borne laſt, reckons above foureſcore.

To theſe come foorth in haſt another Magician, in ſhape and habit differing from the other, and ſpake as followeth.

(1.) Here comes a brother of our miſticke Tribe !
(3.) He knowes th'occaſion of our griefe, and by
His haſt imports diſcoveries more ſtrange !
(4.) Newes! newes! my ſad companions of the ſhade!
There's lately landed on our fatall ſhore
Nine Perſian youths, their habit and their lookes
So ſmooth, that from the pleaſures i'th Eliſian fields
Each female ghoſt will come, and enter in
Their fleſh againe, to make embraces warme.

(2.) I

(2.) I hope these are no Platonicall Lovers,
No such Carthusian Poets as doe write
Madrigals to the mind? more of thy newes!
(4.) The rest informes small joy, and little hope:
For though at first their youth and eager thoughts
Directed them where our gay Altar stood,
And they were ready too for sacrifice,
I cannot tell what luckless light inform'd
Their eyes, but Loves true Temple straight they spy'd
Through the ascending mists, and would have entered it
To read grave frosty Homilies,
And Anticke lawes of Chastitie, but that
(As my swift Spirit brought me word) a voyce
Sent from within bad them with reverence
Desist till *Indamora* did appeare, for then
The gates would open, and the mists dry up
That thus conceal'd it from the generall view,
Which now their expectation doth attend.
(3.) 'Tis time to wake our drowsie Art, and try
If we have power to hinder Destinie.
Mount! mount! our charmes! fetch me, whilst you aspire,
A Spirit of the Element of fire!
(2.) Me one of Ayre! (1.) The water me supplies!
(4.) Mine from the center of the earth shall rise!
(3.) These shall infuse their sev'rall qualities
In men; if not t'uphold the faction of
The flesh, yet to infect the queasie age
With blacker sinnes: If we (now we have joyn'd
The force of all the Elements t'assist
The horror of our will) shall not prevaile
Against this hum'rous vertue of the Time,
Nature, our weaknesse must be thought thy crime.

(2.) To these I'le adde a sect of moderne Divels;
Fine precise Fiends, that heare the devout close
At ev'ry vertue but their owne, that claime
Chambers and Tenements in heaven, as they
Had purchas'd there, and all the Angels were
Their harbingers. With these I'le vex the world.
(3.) 'Tis well design'd! Thanks to thy courteous Art!
Let's murmure softly in each others eare,
And those we first invok'd, will straight appeare!
Enough! they come! to'th woods let's take our flight,
We have more dismall businesse yet e're night.

The Antimasque of the Spirits.

1. *Entry.*

The fiery Spirits all in flames, and their vizards of a Cholericke Complexion.

The Airy Spirits with sanguine vizards, their garments and Caps all of feathers.

The Watery Spirits were all over wrought with scales, and had fishes heads and finnes.

The Earthy Spirits had their garments wrought all over with leavelesse trees and bushes, with Serpents and other little Animals here and there about them, and on their heads barren rockes.

2. *Entry.*

Brought in by the fiery Spirits, were debosht and quarrelling men with a loose Wench amongst them.

3. *and* 4. *Entry.*

Brought in by the Spirits of Ayre, were of amorous men and women in ridiculous habits and Alchimists.

5. *Entry.*

Brought in by the Spirits of Water, were drunken Dutch skippers.

6. *Entry.*

Brought in by the Spirits of Earth, were Witches, Vsurers, and Fooles.

7. *Entry.*

Was of a Moderne Divell, a sworne enemy of Poesie, Musicke, and all ingenious Arts, but a great friend to murmuring, libelling, and all seeds of discord, attended by his factious followers; all which was expresst by their habits and dance.

After these was an entry of three Indians of quality, of *Indamora's* traine in severall strange habits, and their dance as strange.

All these Antimasques being past, the Noble Persian youths make their entry, apparelled in Asian Coats of Sea-greene embroydered that reached downe above their knees, with buttons and loops before, and cut up square to their hips, and returned downe with two short skirts; the sleeves of this Coat were large without seame,

ſeame, and cut ſhort to the bending of the Arme, and hanging downe long behinde, trimm'd with buttons as thoſe ot the breaſt; out of this came a ſleeve of white Sattin embroydered, and a Baſis anſwerable to this ſleeve, hung downe in gathering underneath the ſhorteſt part of their Coat; on their heads Perſian Turbants ſilver'd underneath, and wound about with white Cypreſſe, and one fall of a white feather before.

Their Dance ended, the miſt and Clouds at an inſtant diſappeare, and the Sceane is all changed into a Sea ſomewhat calme, where the billowes moving ſometimes whole, and ſometimes breaking, beat gently on the land, which repreſented a new and ſtrange proſpect; the neareſt part was broken grounds and Rockes, with a mountainous Countrey, but of a pleaſant Aſpect, in which were trees of ſtrange forme and Colour, and here and there were placed in the bottome ſeverall Arbors like Cottages, and ſtrange beaſts and birds, farre unlike the Countrey of theſe parts, expreſſing an Indian Landſchape. In the Sea were ſeverall Ilands, and a farre off a Continent terminating with the Horrizon.

Out of a Creeke came waving forth a Barque of a gracious Antique deſigne, adorn'd with Sculpture finiſhing in Scrowles, that on the poope had for Ornament a great Maſque head of a Sea-god; and all the reſt enrich'd with emboſh'd worke touch'd with ſilver and gold. In the midſt of this Barque ſate *Orpheus* with his Harpe, he wore a white robe girt, on his ſhoulders was (tyed with a knot) a mantle of Carnation, and his head crowned with a lawrell garland: with him, other perſons in habits of Sea-men as pilots and guiders of the

Barque,

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A Persian Page comes leaping in.

HEy! hey! how light I am? all soule within?
As my dull flesh, were melted through my skinne?
And though a Page, when landed on this shore,
I now am growne a briske Ambassadour!

From Perſian Princes too, and each as fierce
A Lover, as did ever ſigh in verſe!
Give audience then, you Ladies of this Ile!
Lord how you lift your fannes up now, and ſmile!
To thinke (forſooth) they are ſo fond to take
So long a journey for your beauties ſake!
For know, th'are come! but ſure, e're they returne,
Will give your femallſhips ſome cauſe to mourne!
For I muſt tell you, that about them all
There's not one graine, but what's Platonicall!
So baſhfull that I thinke they might be drawne
(Like you) to weare cloſe Hoods, or vailes of Lawne.
My Maſter is the chiefe that doth protect,
Or (as ſome ſay) miſſe-lead this preciſe ſect:
One herctofore that wiſely could confute
A Lady at her window with his Lute.
There devoutly in a cold morning ſtand
Two howres, prayſing the ſnow of her white hand;
So long, 'till's words were frozen 'tweene his lips,
And's Lute-ſtrings learnt their quav'ring from his hips.
And when he could not rule her to's intent,
Like *Tarquin* he would profter raviſhment.
But now, no feare of Rapes, untill he find
A maydenhead belonging to the mind.
The reſt are all ſo modeſt too, and pure,
So virginly, ſo coy, and ſo demure,
That they retreat at kiſſing, and but name
Hymen, or Love, they bluſh for very ſhame!
Ladies! I muſt needs laugh! you'le give me leave
I hope; and 'tis to thinke how you deceive
Your ſelves with all this precious art, and care
Tane in your glaſſe to dreſſe your lookes, and haire!

When

When (in good faith!) they heed no outward merit,
But fervently resolve to wooe the Spirit!
Hah! doe you all looke melancholy uow?
And cast a Cloud of anger o're the brow?
'Tis time to flye, and my best swiftnesse use,
Lest kill'd with pinnes, and Bodkins for my newes.

The Page retires, and the Noble Persian youths make their entry, apparelled in Asian Coats of Sea-greene embroidered that reached downe above their knees, with buttons and loops before and cut up square to their hips, and returned downe with two short skirts; the sleeves of this Coat were large without seame, and cut short to the bending of the Arme, and hanging downe long behinde, trimm'd with buttons as those of the breast; out of this came a sleeve of white Sattin embroidered, and the Basis answerable to the sleeve, hung downe in gathering underneath the shortest part of their Coat; on their heads they wore Persian Turbants silver'd underneath, and wound about with white Cypresse, and one fall of a white feather before.

Their Dance ended, the mist and Clouds at an instant disappeare, and the Scene is all changed into a Sea somewhat calme, where the billowes moving sometimes whole, and sometimes breaking, beat gently on the land, which represented a new and strange prospect; the neerest part was broken grounds and Rockes, with a mountainous Countrey, but of a pleasant Aspect, in which were trees of strange forme and Colour, and here and there were placed in the bottome severall Arbors like Cottages, and strange beasts and birds, farre unlike the Countrey of these parts, expressing an Indian Landschape. In the Sea were severall I-

lands, and a farre off a Continent terminating with the Horrizon.

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The Song of the *Brachmani*, in anſwer to *Orpheus* his Harpe,

(1.)

HEarke! Orpheus *is a Sea-man growne,*
No winds of late have rudely blowne,
Nor waves their troubled heads advance!
His Harpe hath made the winds ſo mild,
They whiſper now as reconcil'd,
The waves are ſooth'd into a dance.

(2.)

See how the liſt'ning Doiphins play!
And willingly miſtake their way,
As when they heard Arions *ſtraines!*
Whom once their ſcaly Anceſtor,
Conway'd upon his backe to ſhore,
And tooke his muſicke for his paines.

(3.)

Wee Prieſts that burne Loves Sacrifice,
Our Orpheus *greet with raviſh'd eyes;*
For by this calmeneſſe we are ſure,
His Harpe doth now prepare the way,
That Indamora's *voyage may*
Be more delightfull, and ſecure.

(4.)

And now th' inchanted miſts ſhall cleare,
And Loves true Temple ſtraight appeare,
(Long hid from men by ſacred power,)
Where Noble Virgins ſtill ſhall meet,
And breath their Orizons, more ſweet
Than is the Springs ungather'd flower.

The Barque having taken port, the Maſquers appeare in a Maritime Chariot made of a ſpungie Rockſtuffe mixt with Shells, Sea-weeds, Corrall, and Pearle, borne upon an Axletree with golden wheeles without a rimme with flat ſpokes like the blade of an Ore comming out of the Naves. This Chariot was drawne by Sea-monſters, and floated with a ſweet motion in the Sea:

Indamora Queene of Narſinga ſate enthron'd in the higheſt part of this Chariot, in a rich ſeat, the backe of which was a great Skallop Shell. The habit of the Maſquers was of Iſabella Colour, and Watchet, with Baſes in large paines cut through, all over richly embroyder'd with ſilver, and the dreſſing of their heads was of ſilver, with ſmall falls of white feathers tipp'd with Watchet. This ſight thus moving on the water, was accompanied with the muſicke and voyces of the *Chorus*.

(1.)

SHe comes! each Princeſſe in her traine hath all
That wiſe enamor'd Poets, beauty call!
So fit and ready to ſubdue:
That had they not kind hearts which take a care
To free, and counſell, whom their eyes enſnare,
Poore Lovers would have cauſe to rue.

(2.)

More welcome than the wandring Sea-mans ſtarre,
When in the Night the Winds make cauſeleſſe warre,
Vntill his Barque ſo long is toſt,
That's ſayles toragges are blowne, the Maine-yard beares
Not ſheet enough to wipe, and dry thoſe teares
He ſhed to ſee his Rudder loſt.

The Song ended, all the forepart of the Sea was in an inſtant turn'd to dry land, and *Indamora* with her Contributary Ladies deſcended into the roome, and made their entry. Then for enterme dium the Muſicke began againe, and ſung this Song.

The

The Song.

(1.)

THe Planets though they move ſo faſt,
Have power to make their ſwiftneſſe laſt,
But ſee, your ſtrength is quickly gone!
Yet move by ſenſe and rules of Art,
And each hath an immortall part,
Which cannot tire, but they have none.

(2.)

Let then your ſoft, and nimble feet
Lead and in various figures meet
Thoſe ſtranger Knights, who though they came
Seduc'd at firſt by falſe deſire,
You'le kindle in their breaſts a fire,
Shall keepe Love warme, yet not enflame.

(3.)

At firſt they were your beauties prize,
Now offer willing ſacrifice
Vnto the Vertues of the minde,
And each ſhall weare when they depart,
A lawfull though a loving heart,
And wiſh you ſtill both ſtrict and kinde.

The Maſquers having a while repoſed, danced their ſecond Dance, which ended, and the Queene being ſeated under the State by the King, the Sceane was changed into the true Temple of Chaſt Love; this Temple inſtead of Columnes had termes of young Satyrs bearing

ring

ring up the returnes of Architrane Freeze and Coronice, all enrich'd of Gold-smiths worke, the further part of the Temple running farre from the eye was design'd of another kind of Architecture, with Pillasters, Neeches, and Statues; and in the midst a stately gate adorn'd with Colomns and their Ornaments, and a Frontispice on the top, all which seemed to bee of burnish'd gold. Into this Temple enters *Sunesis* and *Thelema*; *Sunesis* a man of a noble Aspect, and richly attir'd; his garment of Cloth of gold reaching downe below his knees, and girt with a tucke at the wast, with wide sleeves turn'd up; his mantle of Watchet fastned on both shoulders, and hanging downe long behind, a garland of Sinope on his head, with a flame of fire issuing out of it, his Buskins were yellow, wrought with gold. *Thelema* a young woman in a Robe of changeable silke girt with severall tuckes, under her breast, and beneath her wast, and great leaves of silver about her shoulders hanging downe to the midst of her Arme; upon her head a garland of great Marigolds, and puffs of silver'd Lawne betweene. And at her shoulders were Angels wings, these sung this Dialogue, assisted by the *Chori*.

The Song.

Sunesis *and* Thelema.

Sunesis.

Come melt thy soule in mine, that when unite,
We may become one vertuous appetite.

Thelema.

Thelema.

First breath thine into me, thine is the part
More heavenly, and doth more adorne the heart.

Both.

Thus mix'd, our love will ever be discreet,
And all our thoughts and actions pure,
When perfect Will, and strengthned Reason meet,
Then Love's created to endure.

Chorus.

Were Heaven more distant from us, we would strive
To reach't with Pray'rs to make this Union thrive.

Whilst this Song continued, there came softly downe from the highest part of the heavens a bright and transparent Cloud, which being come to the middle part of the Ayre it opened, and out of it came *Amianteros*, or Chast Love flying downe, clad all in Carnation and White, and two garlands of Laurell in one hand, and crown'd with another of the same; whilst he descended the Cloud closeth againe and returnes upwards, and is hidden in the heavens; Chast Love being come downe to the earth, was accompanied by *Synesis* and *Thelema*, *Divine Poesie*, *Orpheus*, and the rest of the Poets up to the State, the great *Chorus* following at a distance, where they sung this Song.

The Song.

Amianteros, or Chast Love.

(1.)

WHilst by a mixture thus made one,
Tis eth' Embleme of my Deitie,

And now you may in yonder Throne,
The patterne of your Vision see.

(2.)

Softly as fruitfull showres I fall,
And th' undiscern'd increase I bring;
Is of more precious worth than all
A plenteous Summer payes a Spring.

(3.)

The benefit it doth impart,
Will not the barren earth improve,
But fructifie each barren heart,
And give eternall growth to Love.

Sunesis.

To CHARLES *the mightiest and the best,*
And to the Darling of his breast,
(Who rule b' example as by power)
May youthfull blessings still increase,
And in their Off-spring never cease,
Till Time's too old to last an hower.

Chorus.

These wishes are so well deserv'd by thee,
And thought so modest too by Destinie,
That heaven hath seal'd the grant as a Decree.

After which they all retire to the Sceane, and *Inditmera* and her Ladies beginne the Revels with the King and the Lords, which continue the most part of the night. Thus ended this Masque which for the newnesse

of

of the invention, variety of Sceanes, Apparitions, and richneſſe of habits was generally approved to be one of the moſt magnificent that hath beene done in England.

The Maſquers Names.

The Queenes Majeſty.

Lady Marqueſſe *Hamilton.*
Lady *Mary Herbert.*
Counteſſe of *Oxford.*
Counteſſe of *Berkſhire.*
Counteſſe of *Carnarvan.*
Counteſſe of *Newport.*
Lady *Herbert.*
Lady *Katherine Howard*
Lady *Anne Carre.*
Lady *Elizabeth Feilding*
Lady *Thimbleby.*
Miſtris *Dorothy Savage.*
Miſtris *Victorie Cary.*
Miſtris *Nevill.*

The Lords and others that preſented the Noble Perſian Youths.

The Duke of *Lenox.*
Earle of *Newport.*
Earle of *Deſmond.*
Viſcount *Grandeſon.*
Lord *Ruſſell.*
Lord *Doncaſter.*
Maſter *Thomas Weſton.*
Maſter *George Goring.*
Maſter *Henry Murrey.*

FINIS.

The Lords and others that preceded this Ma-
jesties Person.

The Duke of Lenox.
Lord Dorchester.
Master Thomas Erskine.
Master George Goring.
Master Henry Cary.

FINIS.